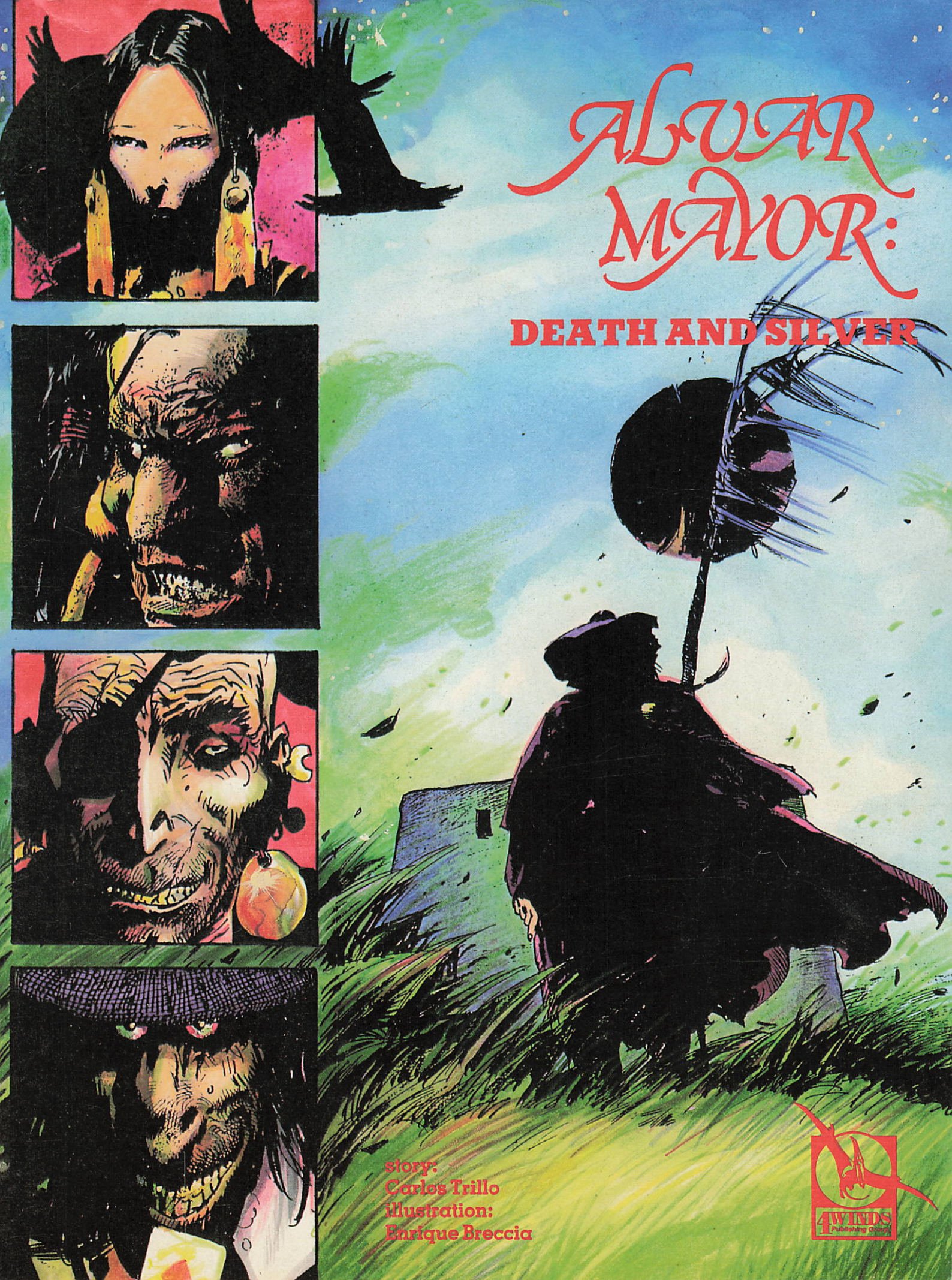
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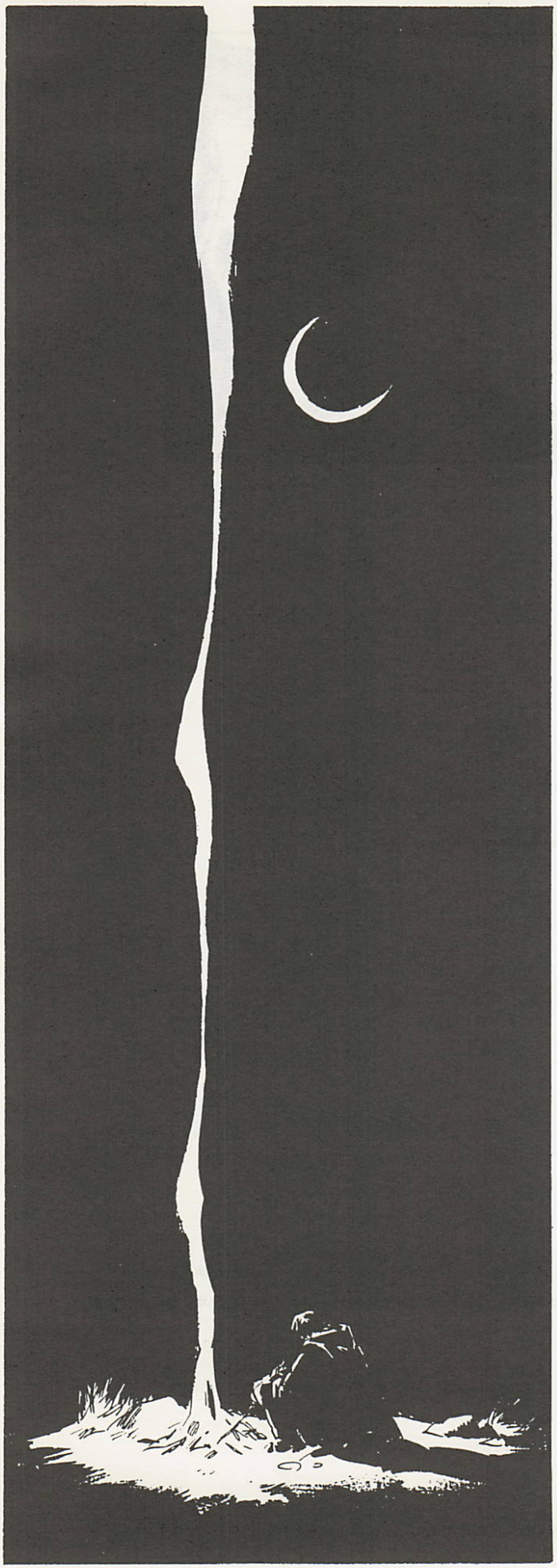

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4WINDS Publishing Group™

ALVAR MAYOR: DEATH AND SILVER

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Illustrated by Enrique Breccia
American version written by Carlos Trillo and Charles Dixon
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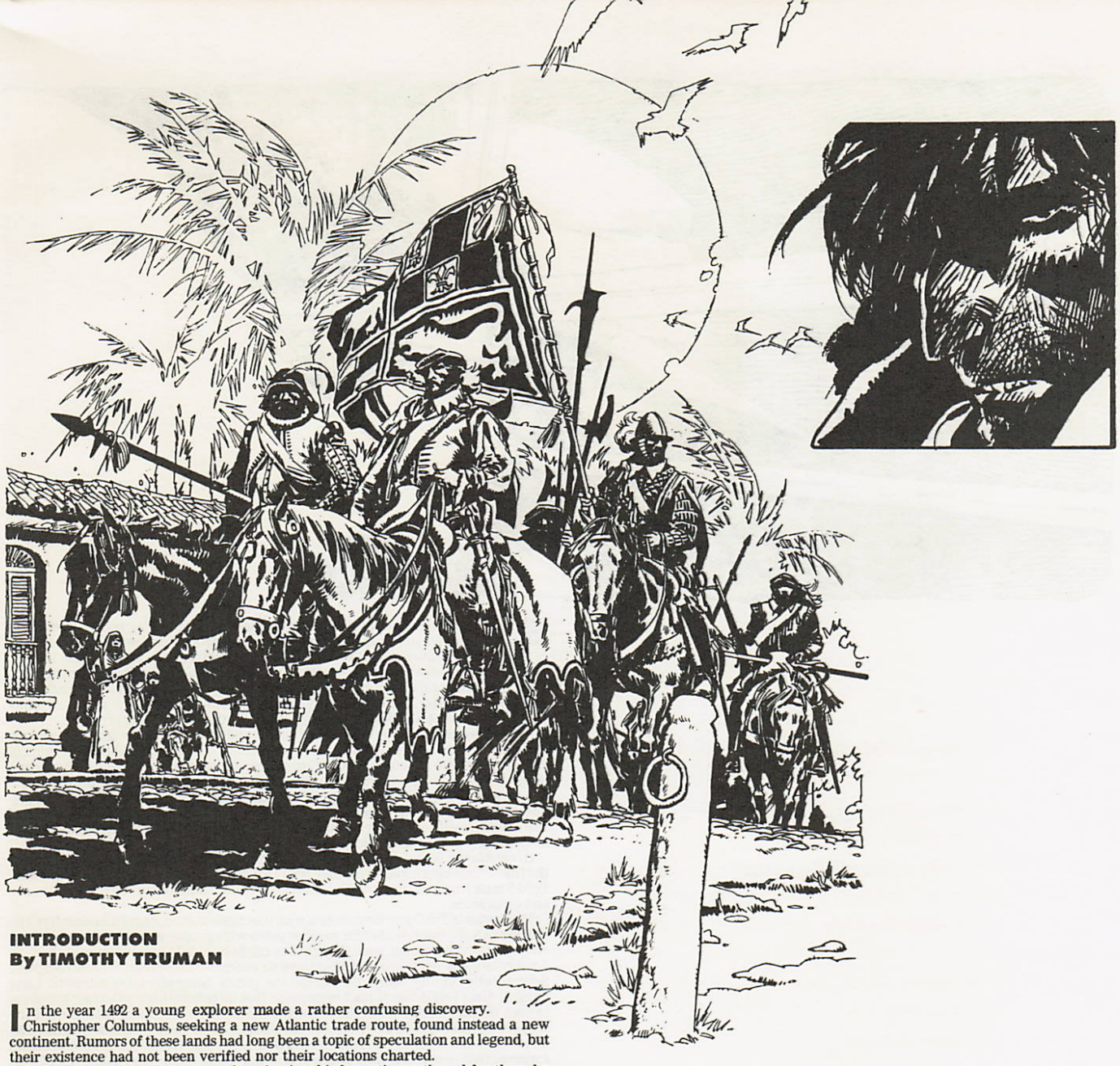


INTRODUCTION
By TIMOTHY TRUMAN

In the year 1492 a young explorer made a rather confusing discovery. Christopher Columbus, seeking a new Atlantic trade route, found instead a new continent. Rumors of these lands had long been a topic of speculation and legend, but their existence had not been verified nor their locations charted.

Jealously guarding the maps and navigational information gathered for them by their Italian employee and the few brave sailors who later followed and confirmed Columbus' route, the Spanish warlords suddenly found themselves claiming an incredibly vast area of foreign real estate. Reports of the wonders and wealth to be found in these new lands approached mythological proportions. This was not simply a new country. It was a new *world*, filled with gigantic, terrible beasts and wild, painted savages. And deep in the interior of this world were warrior empires where kings and their armies had built cities of gold on the bones of their enslaved enemies.

It was obvious that the tasks of securing and exploring this new territory were best left to the military.

Spanish soldiers and their mercenary allies were the best fighting men of their day. Captain Gonzolo de Cordoba had molded his troops into a terrifying, nearly elemental force that had defeated the Moors, the French, and the Italians in every major engagement. Cordoba was one of the first strategists to recognize and develop the effectiveness of small-arms firepower. He strengthened his armies further by teaching them Swiss pike tactics. His cavalry moved like a fine, smoothly efficient machine. His Spanish soldiers were unbeatable. And — for the first time in two decades — most of them happened to be unemployed.

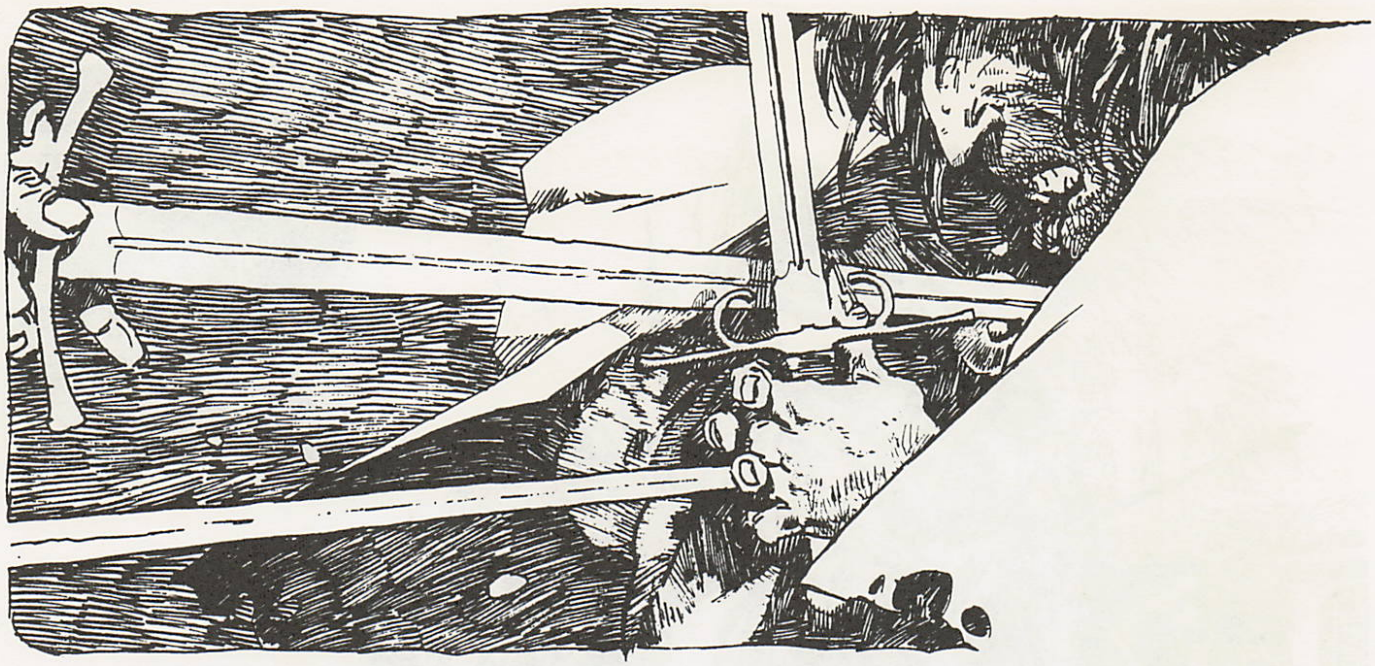
They plunged into this new opportunity with an unquestioning abandon.

Montezuma's armies, numbering in the millions, had enslaved tribe after tribe of the great king's enemies. But the Spanish cavalry plowed through the feathered hordes like a galleon through the surf. Spanish lances impaled the Aztecs half a dozen at a time. The natives fell like wheat before the grapeshot and rifle balls of the Spanish invaders. European armor withstood warclubs, slings, spears, and axes. Cortes captured the Aztec Empire with 400 men, fifteen horses, and a handful of cannon — at times facing Aztec regiments of 40,000 men or more.

Time after time, the Golden Empires and their armies fell. The Aztecs, the Mayas, and the Incas — who had ruled their lands for centuries — suddenly found their soldiers beaten, their cities ransacked, their kings dead, and their people in chains. A few tribes resisted the Spanish onslaught for a while; those of the Yucatan, as an example, maintained their kingdoms for many years by fighting a guerrilla war in the jungle, slowly picking away at the overheated, overburdened, overdressed Europeans. But in the span of a decade, Spain controlled the length of South and Central America.

In was the time of *los Conquistadores* — the Conquerors. The Age of Discovery was also an age of blood.

The missionaries came, and with them were the settlers, the traders, the scientists, the slave merchants. They pushed the native peoples ever westward. Those who did not run were swallowed up by the white tide or put in chains. They were forced to serve new kings, new priests, new gods. Their new rulers were even more intolerant than their old emperors. Within a generation, their old ways of living were gone and their ancient religions all but forgotten. The Conquerors built cities on the ashes of temples.



Somewhere in the middle of this era of discovery and apocalypse we find a man called Alvar Mayor. He is of course a fictitious creation, born in the brilliant minds of Carlos Trillo and Enrique Breccia. Alvar's adventures are some of the longest-running in the history of South American and European comics. Every tale has come from the hands of the original creative team, and Trillo and Breccia have imprinted the series with a spirit and personality so individual and recognizable that one cannot contemplate the ***Alvar Mayor*** series without thinking also of its creators.

Reader association between creative talents and their characters is a phenomenon that only recently has caught on in our own country. There are notable exceptions, of course: Milton Caniff and his *Steve Canyon* spring most readily to mind. But by and large, American comics characters have usually been thought of as independent from their creators — as "properties" more important *than* their creators. This is probably one of the main reasons why American comics have seldom produced any works of real artistic merit — and why, to the public at large, comic books are at best thought of as as meager and submoronic novelty.

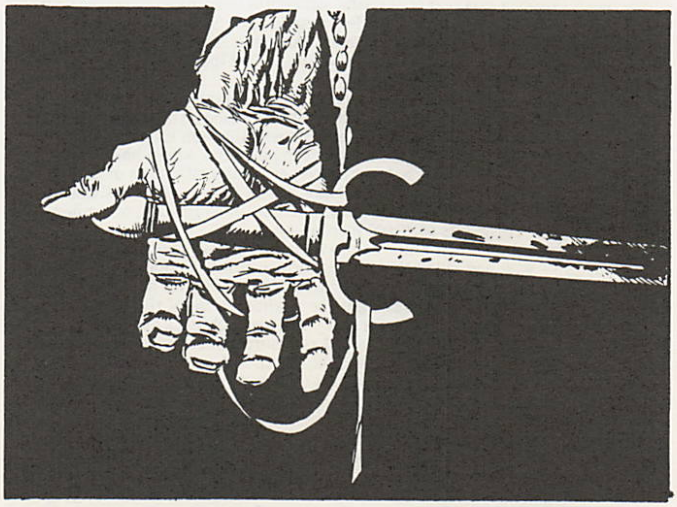
Alvar Mayor is an adventure story — an "entertainment." But in the tradition of the finest "cracking good yarns," like the A.B. Guthrie novel *The Big Sky* or the John Ford-Frank Nugent filming of *The Searchers*, it also contains considerable substance and conscience.

The stories of Trillo and Breccia deal with the classic theme of a man in search of The Answer. Alvar's quest leads him to cross paths with people with whom Alvar seems very reluctant to interact, even though they might be able to provide clues to the very Answer he seeks. Alvar usually assists these strangers — rather like the Lone Ranger in Seventeenth Century attire. But unlike the purely benevolent and altruistic Lone Ranger, Alvar leaves the distinct impression that he helps others with their problems to gain the knowledge he needs to overcome his *own*. The more information the supporting cast supplies to Alvar, the more muddled his own questions become. The more he searches for his Answer, the farther it retreats from him. It soon becomes apparent that — whether he is aware of it or not — this is the way Alvar *prefers* that things be!

In Europe, the adventures of Alvar Mayor are among the most respected comics stories ever created. Trillo's ironic, intelligent writing and Breccia's cinematic storytelling and black-drenched page designs have made the strip an incredibly influential force on comics storytelling throughout the world. (When 4Winds tells foreign cartoonists that one of our goals is to bring the best overseas comics to an American audience, one of the first questions we're asked is whether we've considered ***Alvar Mayor***.)

Alvar Mayor is even more successful and revered in South America — among people within whose veins flow the bloodlines of both the *conquistadores* and the conquered. Perhaps in some way, Alvar Mayor's questions are also their own.

The 4Winds Publishing Group plans eventually to present the ***Alvar Mayor*** saga in its entirety.



PROLOGUE

To his honored excellency **Francisco de Toledo**
Administrator to his Majesty's Colonies in Peru
Sir:

You have requested, esteemed administrator, that I should serve as the watchful eye of the empire and thus keep you informed of any news of importance in regards to the outlying districts. I am pleased to report that, aside from the usually minor bellyaching which we have come to expect from the filthy savages who inhabit this new territory, all is well.

...Perhaps it is worth mentioning, however, some new rumors in regards to the outlaw called **Alvar Mayor.** Having heard no reports of this reprehensible vagabond for so long, we had assumed that he had finally fallen victim to some ignoble and deserved death. Indeed, the new reports we hear are so fantastic and absurd as to only support that belief.

However, as you have directed me to keep you abreast of any news from the frontier territories, I will pass these stories on to you, in hopes that you will at least find them of some interest or humor.

At the very least, they might prove evidence to the type of madness which seems to cloud the brains of those who stay in this wretched countryside for too long.

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

-Captain Benito Ruiz

ALVAR MAYOR!
Chapter 1:
The Amulet

YOU REMEMBER ME, DON'T YOU? I AM JOSÉ MOLINO! I SERVED IN THE CREW OF A SHIP YOU ONCE CAPTAINED, THE SANTA NATALIA! REMEMBER? HA HA!!
JOSE. OF COURSE I REMEMBER YOU...
YOU TAKE THE PATH TO LIMA? WONDERFUL! LET'S SHARE THE JOURNEY! AND WHEN WE GET THERE I'LL TREAT YOU TO THE FINEST FOOD AND ALE!
YOU CAN AFFORD A MEAL LIKE THAT, JOSÉ?
I INVITED YOU, EH? YOU'LL BE MY GUEST.
I HAVEN'T BEEN TOO LUCKY IN THIS NEW WORLD, BUT I HAVE EARNED AT LEAST THIS ONE SILVER COIN!
CHURRIQUE
WE'LL SPEND IT ON WINE, MEAT AND WOMEN FOR A WEEK! WE'LL LIVE LIKE WEALTHY DONS! EH? HEH HEH...
NO, NO!!
7

< GO AWAY, KALAI! LEAVE ME ALONE! PLEASE! PLEASE!!>
YOU! OLD MAN! YOU KNOW OUR TONGUE?
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?
AHH..
W-WHEN YOU... APPROACHED ME... HE LEFT...
HE'S BEEN CHASING ME FOR MONTHS THROUGH THE JUNGLES AND VALLEYS! HE WON'T LEAVE ME ALONE!
WHO IS CHASING YOU?
KALAI'S VOICE. YES! HIS VOICE PURSUES ME...
8

"KALAI WAS THE GREATEST WARRIOR OF MY PEOPLE. AND I, ZICOTL, WAS HIS MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT!
"TOGETHER WE FOUGHT WARS...!
"TOGETHER WE CONQUERED...!
"TOGETHER WE ATE AND DRANK!
"BUT KALAI HAD A SISTER, TALI.
"...AND TALAI WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF OUR TRIBE.
"SO BEAUTIFUL WAS SHE THAT ONE DAY THE PRIESTS DECIDED HER LIFE WOULD BE CONSIGNED TO THE GODS. THEY CHERISH BEAUTY AND APPRECIATE A BEAUTIFUL VIRGIN. IN RETURN THEY GIVE MY PEOPLE BABIES AND FOOD.
"BUT ONE DAY THE WHITE MEN CAME...

"THEIR LEADER WAS A MAN WITH RED HAIR WHO LOOKED AT TALI WITH THE EYES OF A DEVIL.
"YES--HE BEWITCHED WITH HIS STARE...
"AND SO, ONE DAY, THE DEVIL TOOK HER AWAY ON HIS GREAT GOD-DOG!"
<HE HAS TAKEN MY SISTER AND OFFENDED THE GODS!!>
<I WILL FIND THEM--AND BOTH WILL DIE!>
<I WILL GO WITH YOU, GREAT KALAI.>
"THE TRAIL WAS HARD AND LONG.
"BY THE TIME WE HAD CAUGHT UP WITH THEM, THEY HAD REACHED THE GREAT SEA.
10

"WE TRIED TO FOLLOW...
"...BUT THE WHITE MAN'S GODS SENT A STORM TO KILL US!"
TAKE THEM ABOARD! THEY'RE INDIOS, BUT THEY'VE STRONG ENOUGH ARMS!
"WE WERE LUCKY TO BE FOUND BY A GREAT BOAT. WE TRAVELLED IN IT AS SLAVES."
<THIS SHIP WILL TAKE US TO TALI AND THE WHITE DEMON, FRIEND ZICOTL... I KNOW IT!>
YOU! STOP THAT HEATHEN BLABBERING AND GET TO WORK!
"AT NIGHT KALAI DREAMT ONLY OF VENGEANCE. SILENTLY HE SAT, STARING INTO THE NIGHT, PLOTTING HIS REVENGE.
11

"AND I THOUGHT ONLY OF TALI...
"... THE BEAUTIFUL TALI... SHE CAME TO ME EACH NIGHT, TO REGARD ME WITH SAD EYES.
"I THINK SHE KNEW THAT DEATH WAS CLOSE TO HER..."
<SO BEAUTIFUL, TALI... SO BEAUTIFUL...>
<EACH NIGHT... MORE BEAUTIFUL... >
< WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, ZICOTĪ ?>
<N-NO ONE, KALAI. NO ONE!>
"IN TIME WE CAME TO UNDERSTAND THE SPEECH OF THE SAILORS.
"WE DISCOVERED WE WERE BOUND FOR A PLACE CALLED SANTO DOMINGO."
12

< THAT IS WHERE THEY ARE ZICOTĹ! I KNOW IT IS.!>
"THAT SAME NIGHT, WE STOLE TWO DAGGERS AND SWAM TO SHORE."
< THEY ARE VERY NEAR. VERY NEAR.
< HURRY, ZICOTĹ. WE ARE NEARING THEM. I HEAR THEIR HEARTBEATS. I FEEL THEIR BLOOD WAITING FOR MY BLADE.>
< AYE -- THIS WAY!>
13

< I KNEW I WOULD FIND YOU HERE, TALI. I MUST SLAY YOU NOW, FOR YOU HAVE OFFENDED THE GODS, AND YOUR FAMILY. >
"SHE SAW--BUT DID NOT SHOUT. SHE KNEW THE DANGER SHE WAS IN-- BUT DID NOT FLEE.
"SHE DID NOT LOOK AT KALAI OR HIS DAGGER. HER EYES LOOKED-- ELSEWHERE.
"SHE LOOKED AT ME WITH EYES AS SAD AS AN AUTUMN NIGHT...
"WITH THOSE EYES SHE LOOKED AT... ME.
"I HAD NO CHOICE...

"I KILLED KALAI! I COULD NOT LET HIM KILL THE BEAUTIFUL TALI.

"SHE DID NOT SPEAK. SHE ONLY LOOKED AT ME. WITH HER EYES. HER BEAUTIFUL EYES... I COULDN'T STAND THE WEIGHT OF HER GAZE...

"I TURNED. I FLED. I RAN FROM THE PLACE WHERE TRAGEDY HAD STAINED MY SOUL FOREVER."

<ZICOTL... KILLER... YOU HAVE KILLED ME, ZICOTL...>

<GO, KALAI! GO TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD!>

"SINCE THAT DAY, HIS VOICE PURSUES ME...

"THROUGH THE JUNGLES...

<ZICOTL... YOU WILL NEVER LIVE IN PEACE, MY FRIEND... I WILL ALWAYS BE HERE...>

<PLEASE... PLEASE LEAVE ME...>

"ACROSS RIVERS, AMONG THE HILLS...

<I DON'T WANT YOU TO SLEEP, ZICOTL. I WANT TO BE WITH YOU, MY FRIEND...>

<NO! NO!!>

AIIE...I CANNOT STAND IT!
B-BUT WHEN YOU APPROACHED, KALAI'S VOICE FADED TO S-SILENCE--
AH! AND DO YOU KNOW WHY? I HAVE A SAINTED AMULET THAT DRIVES AWAY GHOSTS OF ALL KINDS! YES...
HERE! YOU MAY HAVE IT!
REALLY?
CERTAINLY. KEEP IT WITH YOU FOREVER AND YOU NEED NEVER FEAR ANOTHER GHOST.
THANK YOU! THANK YOU! I WILL NEVER LOSE IT! NO!
A POWERFUL AMULET, EH ALVAR?
ALL THE POWER IN THE WORLD...

ALVAR MAYOR AND JOSE MOLINO DID NOT DINE IN THE FINEST INN. THEY ATE RADISHES AND HARD BREAD AND SLEPT IN A STABLE INSTEAD OF A FEATHER BED.
BUT THERE WERE NO GHOSTLY VOICES ON THE WIND THAT NIGHT. AND SO THEY SLEPT VERY WELL, INDEED...
17
C. TRILLO
19·9·82
E. BRECCIA

...CAN YOU DO ANYTHING FOR MY FATHER, ALVAR MAYOR?
CELMIRA WAS THE DAUGHTER OF TOTLAN. LIKE SO MANY OF THE YOUNG ONES, SHE WAS A HALF BREED.
Chapter 2:
Dream of the Full Moon
HER FATHER WAS A HIGH PRIEST OF THE INCAS. ONCE HE HAD SAT UPON THE THRONE OF A GREAT CITY. NOW HE RULED THE NIGHT.
I MIGHT.
HE HAS HAD A DREAM.
LET ME SHOW IT TO YOU...
"HE DREAMED HE WAS IN THE OLD TEMPLE DURING A FULL MOON. HE WAS MEDITATING. ALL AROUND HIM HE HAD GATHERED THE GREATEST WARRIORS OF MY PEOPLE..."

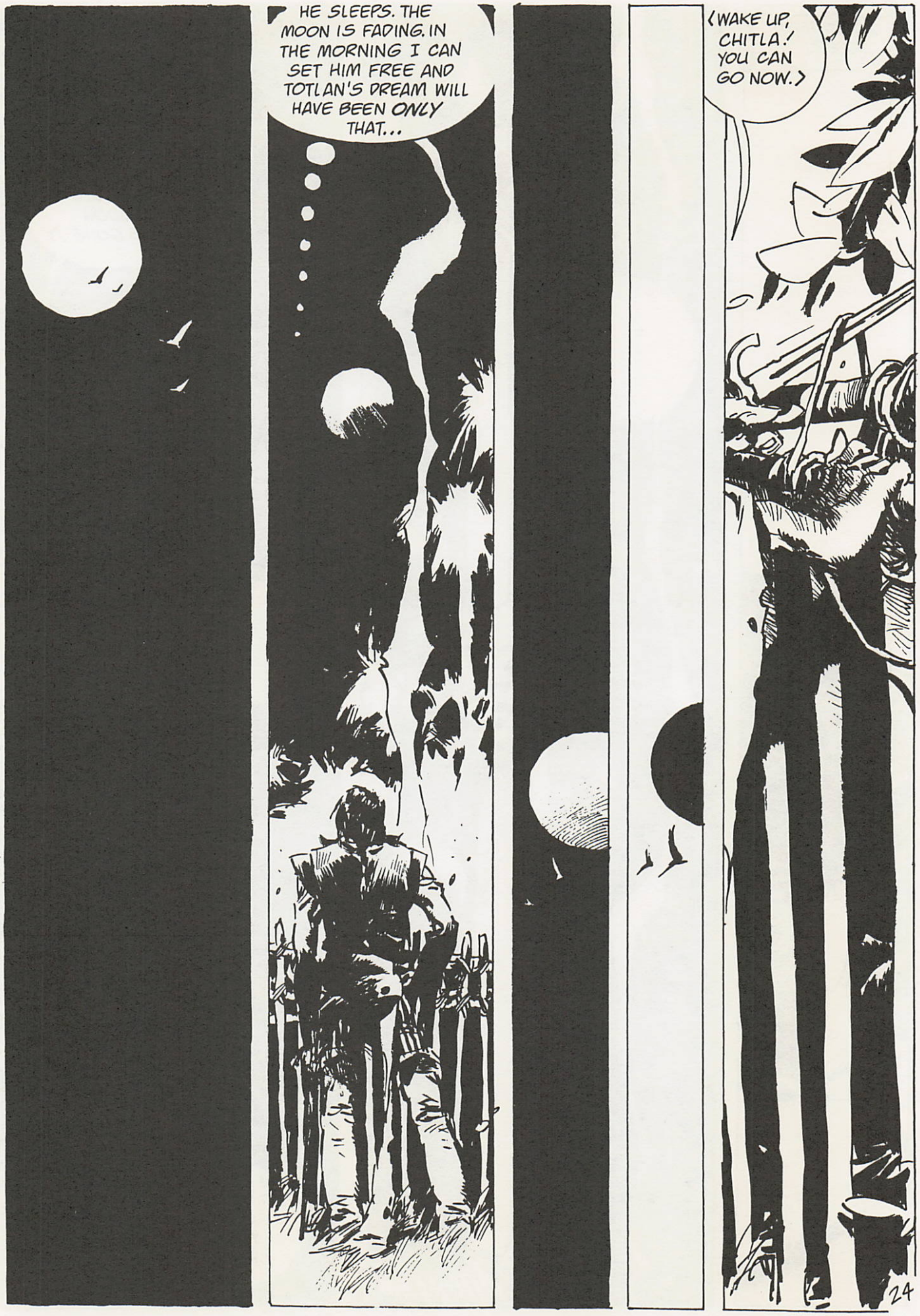
"SUDDENLY, CHITLA, HIS GREATEST ENEMY, INTERRUPTED HIS MEDITATIONS...
"...AND KILLED HIM."
MY FATHER BELIEVES THAT THIS DREAM WILL COME TRUE -- WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEXT FULL MOON...
THAT IS STILL SEVERAL DAYS AWAY, CELMIRA.
THEN THERE IS TIME TO FIND CHITLA AND HOLD HIM CAPTIVE UNTIL THE FULL MOON HAS PASSED.

THAT WAY, MY FATHER'S DREAM CANNOT COME TRUE, ALVAR MAYOR.
I WILL DO THIS, CELMIRA. DON'T WORRY. I OWE TOTLAN A GREAT DEPT. HE ONCE SAVED MY LIFE.
"IT WILL NOT BE EASY. CHITLA IS A POWERFUL WARRIOR...
..."ALMOST A GOD AMONG HIS PEOPLE.
"IT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO SLIP INTO HIS FOREST
"... MORE DIFFICULT TO FIND HIM...
"...SUBDUE HIM...
SOCK!!
"... AND CARRY HIM OFF...
20

"THE WORST OF IT WILL BE ESCAPING...
"... AVOIDING THE SPEARS OF A THOUSAND WARRIORS...
"...LEAVING FALSE TRAILS...
"EVEN IF I ACHIEVE THIS, I STILL HAVE TO KEEP MY PRISONER FROM ESCAPING.
21

"I'LL HAVE TO FEED HIM AS WELL...
"... AND LOOK AFTER HIM NIGHT AND DAY.

"ALL WITHOUT SLEEP..."
<I HOLD NO GRUDGE AGAINST YOU, CHITLA...>
<...BUT I MUST HOLD YOU HERE UNTIL THE FULL MOON IS GONE.>


HE SLEEPS. THE MOON IS FADING. IN THE MORNING I CAN SET HIM FREE AND TOTLAN'S DREAM WILL HAVE BEEN ONLY THAT...
<WAKE UP, CHITLA! YOU CAN GO NOW.>

SO STRANGE. I HAD A DREAM...
"I DREAMED THAT I WAS CONSUMED WITH HATRED AND BROKE INTO THE TEMPLE OF TOTLAN ARMED WITH A GREAT SPEAR.
"I AVOIDED ALL OF HIS GUARDS...
" I REACHED THE CHAMBERS OF MY ENEMY AND KILLED HIM WITH A SPEAR."

ALL OF THIS HAPPENED ON A NIGHT WITH A FULL MOON... A NIGHT LIKE LAST NIGHT...

GEMMAAA000
CELMIRA, WHERE ARE YOU?
< CELMIRA? ARE YOU HERE? >
< SHE IS GONE. SHE WENT TO THE FUNERAL OF HER FATHER. >

< HE DIED IN THE NIGHT-- AN EVIL DEATH! >
< HIS GUARDS SAID THAT NO ONE COULD HAVE ENTERED HIS CHAMBER! BUT THERE HE LAY, ON THE BLOOD-SOAKED STONES-- A GREAT SPEAR THRUST THROUGH HIS HEART! >

"IF A MAN DREAMS THAT HE HAS HURT ANOTHER MAN, AND THAT MAN ALSO DREAMS THAT HE HAS BEEN WOUNDED, THE COMBINED DREAMS WEAVE-- LIKE SERPENTS IN THE NIGHT-- TO CREATE THEIR OWN REALITY."

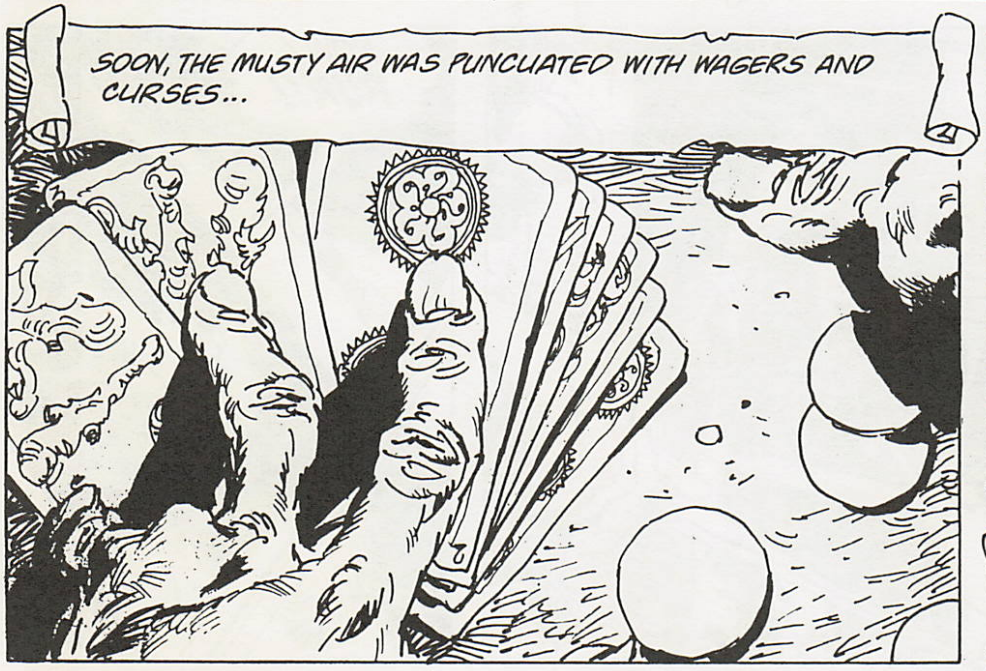
-FROM THE BELIEFS OF THE ANCIENT INCA, TAKEN FROM A PRE-COLUMBIAN TEXT.

E. BRECCIA
24·10·81
C. TRILLO

Chapter 3:
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!
Fortune and Fate

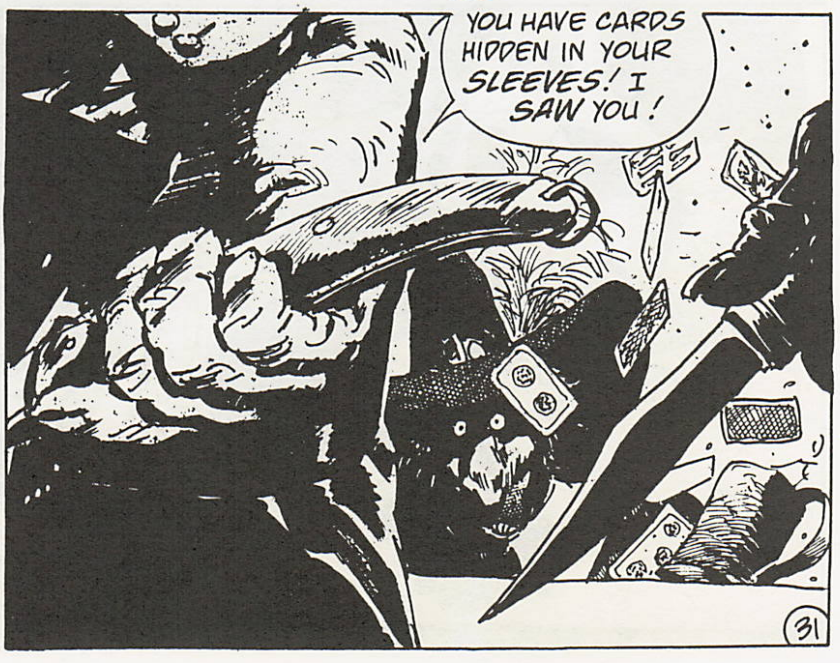
MY NAME IS LUIS, THE GREATEST CARD PLAYER IN ALL OF THE NEW WORLD!

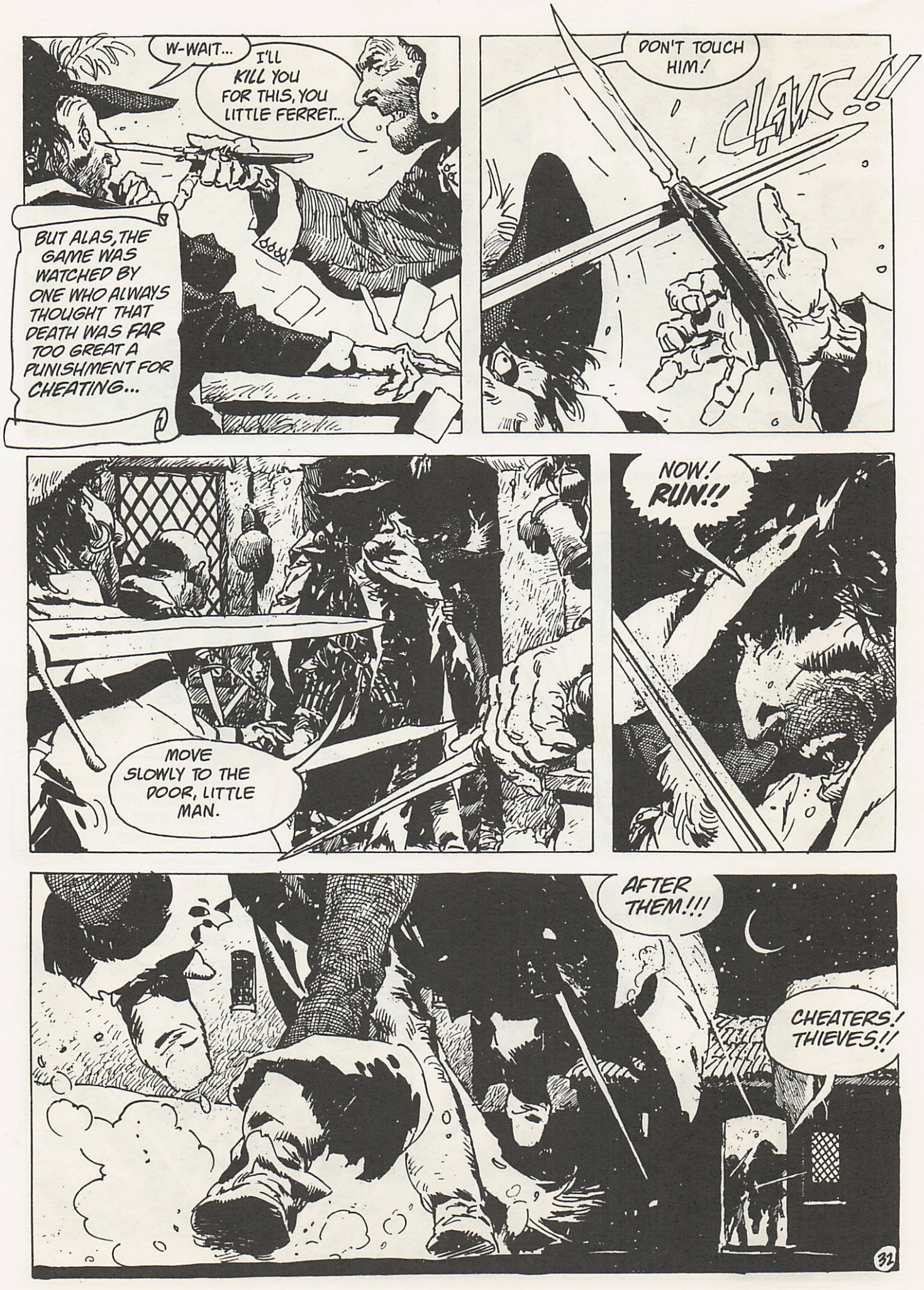
ANY CHALLENGERS...?


SOON, THE MUSTY AIR WAS PUNCUATED WITH WAGERS AND CURSES...

ONLY A FEW DID NOT PLAY, LOST IN THEIR RUM AND THEIR MEMORIES...

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, CHEAT!
cheat?


YOU HAVE CARDS HIDDEN IN YOUR SLEEVES! I SAW YOU!


W-WAIT...
I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS, YOU LITTLE FERRET...
BUT ALAS, THE GAME WAS WATCHED BY ONE WHO ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT DEATH WAS FAR TOO GREAT A PUNISHMENT FOR CHEATING...
DON'T TOUCH HIM!
CLAWS!!
MOVE SLOWLY TO THE DOOR, LITTLE MAN.
NOW! RUN!!
AFTER THEM!!!
CHEATERS! THIEVES!!
32

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE ?
INTO THE JUNGLE, THE YELLOW DOGS.
THIS IS A BAD PLACE! LET'S GO BACK TO THE CANTINA!
YES! AT LEAST HE DIDN'T TAKE OUR MONEY...
YOU SAVED MY LIFE, STRANGER! A THOUSAND THANKS!
NOW, I'LL BE ON MY WAY...
...INTO...THE... DARK... J-JUNGLE...
GHUISSS! CHISTT
GRRRAAA
G-G-GRUUU
JIEPP!
UEP!
CHUST
K-KKiiiCC-iiC-iC-iC
33

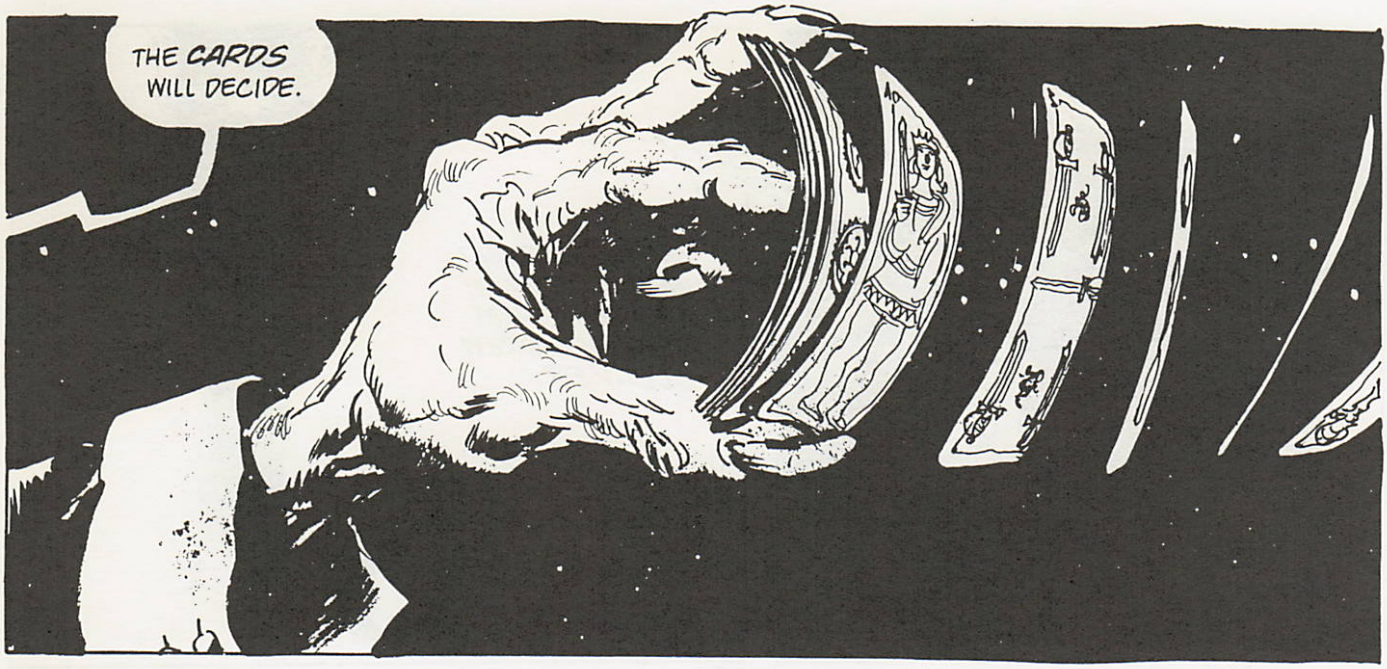
C-C-CARE TO ACCOMPANY ME, MY DARK FRIEND?
WHEN A MAN KNOWS NOT WHAT HE SEARCHES FOR, IT MATTERS NOT WHERE HE GOES. TO CROSS A JUNGLE OR A DESERT OR A SEA...
... IT MEANS LITTLE TO SUCH A MAN.
AND SO HE GOES... INTO DARKNESS... INTO THE JUNGLE...
aaaaaaYyyyy!!!
34

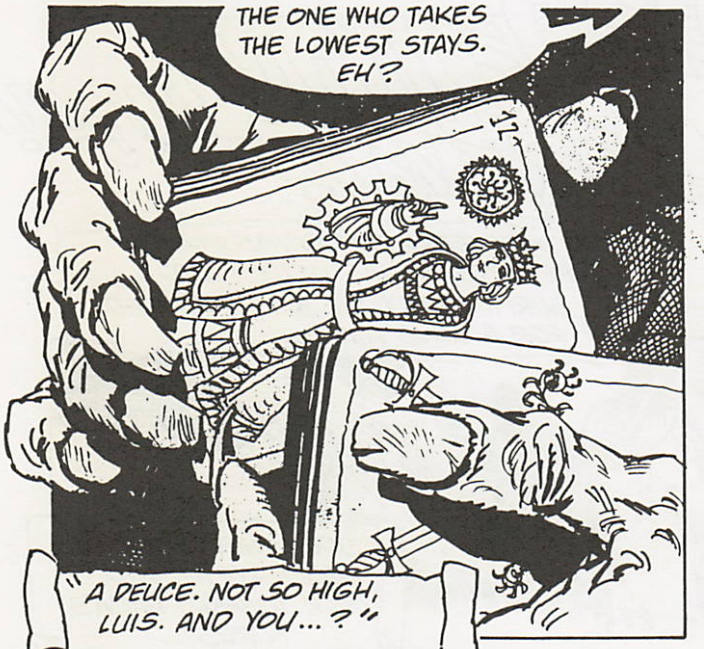
SAPO!!
< THANK YOU, BUT YOU HAVE ONLY FORESTALLED MY DEATH. BETTER THAT YOU LEFT ME TO THE BITE OF THE SERPENT.>
EH? WHAT'S SHE SAYING...?
<I AM HAICA, THE LAST OF MY TRIBE. THE BAIBOS CAME FROM THE HILLS AND KILLED ALL MY PEOPLE. THEY LEFT ME HERE FOR THEIR GOD-- TO THANK HIM FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE RAID.>
WHAT'S SHE TALKING ABOUT?! IS IT DANGER?! PERHAPS WE'D B-BEST BE ON OUR WAY, THEN...
WAAAJIIIIIIIII!!
TOO LATE!

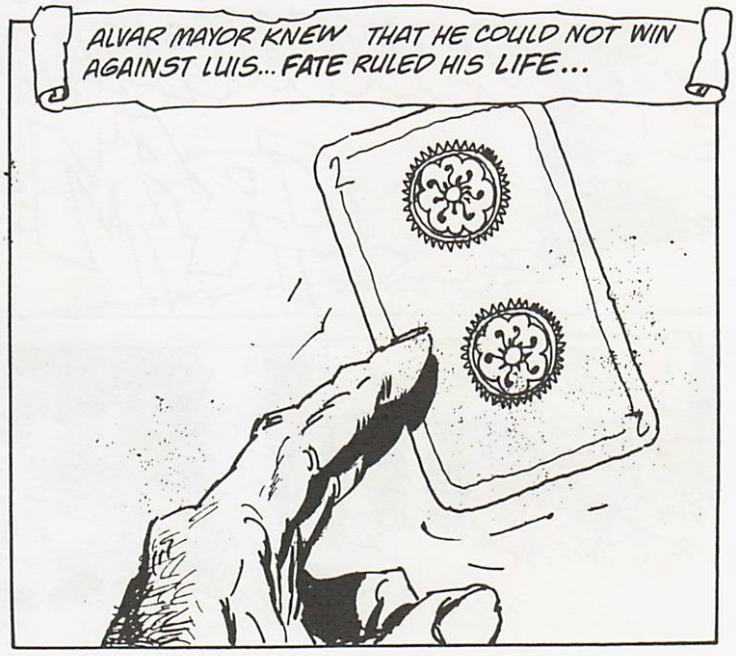
FOLLOW ME.! WE WILL LEAVE LESS OF A TRAIL OVER THESE ROCKS!

wwaaa

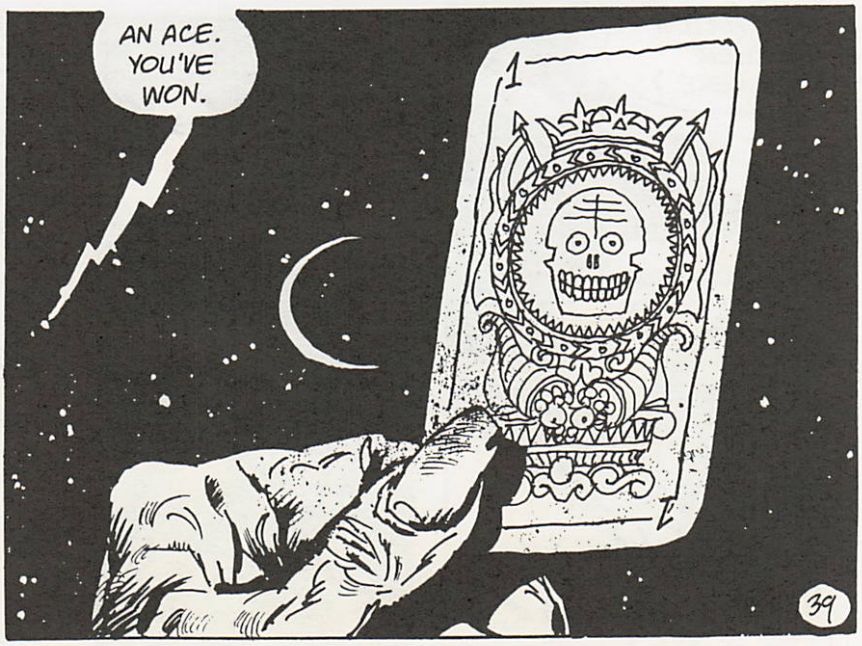
LEAVE HAICA, WHITE MEN! IT HAICA THEY WANT!
NO PRECIOUS ONE. WE WON'T LEAVE YOU. ONE OF US WILL STAY HERE IN THE DEFILE TO STOP THEM!
THIS WAY, TWO WILL LIVE: HAICA, AND THE ONE WHO GOES WITH HER!
HAH! AND WHICH ONE OF US STAYS HERE TO DIE, LUIS?


THE CARDS WILL DECIDE.


THE ONE WHO TAKES THE LOWEST STAYS. EH?
"A DEUCE. NOT SO HIGH, LUIS. AND YOU...?"


ALVAR MAYOR KNEW THAT HE COULD NOT WIN AGAINST LUIS... FATE RULED HIS LIFE...

Huh.


AN ACE. YOU'VE WON.

UUUUaaaJJJ!!!
N-NOW GO! THE BAIBOS ARE COMING!
AND SO ALVAR AND HAICA MOVED OFF, AS BEHIND THEM THE CRIES GREW CLEARER...
U-U-UUUUUaaaaaaJJJJJ!!!
CRAM! CRAM!
THEY HEARD SCREAMS AND THE REPORTS OF LUIS' LITTLE PISTOL. SURPRISINGLY, THE BATTLE LASTED FOR A LONG TIME...
THEN... THEY HEARD NOTHING MORE...
SOON THEY LEFT THE VALLEY, AND HEADED BACK TOWARDS HAICA'S FOREST...
〈WE CAN FOLLOW THE RIVER FROM HERE.〉
〈THAT WAS A LUCKY CARD FOR YOU, DARK ONE.〉
〈LUCK?〉
〈LUIS WAS A PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER. THE LITTLE MAN COULD HAVE WON EASILY.〉
〈HIS CARDS WERE MARKED.〉

I
" UNLIKE THE REST OF US, A GAMBLER CAN SOMETIMES CREATE HIS OWN LUCK."
E. BRECCIA 4.9.82 L.TRPLL©
41

Fire in Villazona
TO ARMS! TO ARMS!!
Chapter 4
TO ARMS, PEOPLE OF VILLAZONA!
GUZMAN DEL RIO RETURNS!!
47

GOD SAVE US.
SAVE US? HIS HATE FOR US MUST BE TERRIBLE! WE ARE DOOMED!
GUZMAN DEL RIO WILL TAKE EVERY LIFE IN THE VILLAGE! HE WILL HAVE HIS REVENGE!
AND NOW, WE DON'T HAVE ALVAR MAYOR!
ALVAR IS LONG GONE...
ALVAR MAYOR...
HIS NAME AWAKENED MEMORIES IN ALL THE PEOPLE OF VILLAZONA. IT SEEMED SO LONG AGO...
...PHAH!! ARE YOU MEN OR DOGS?
WILL YOU LET GUZMAN DEL RIO AND HIS CUTTHROATS CONQUER YOU WITHOUT A STRUGGLE?!
WAIT! HE IS ALVAR MAYOR-- THE OUTLAW! THEY SAY HE IS THE SON OF A CONQUISTADORE! IF HE WOULD LEAD US, WE WOULD NOT SURRENDER!
PPPP
YES! LEAD US, ALVAR MAYOR!
43

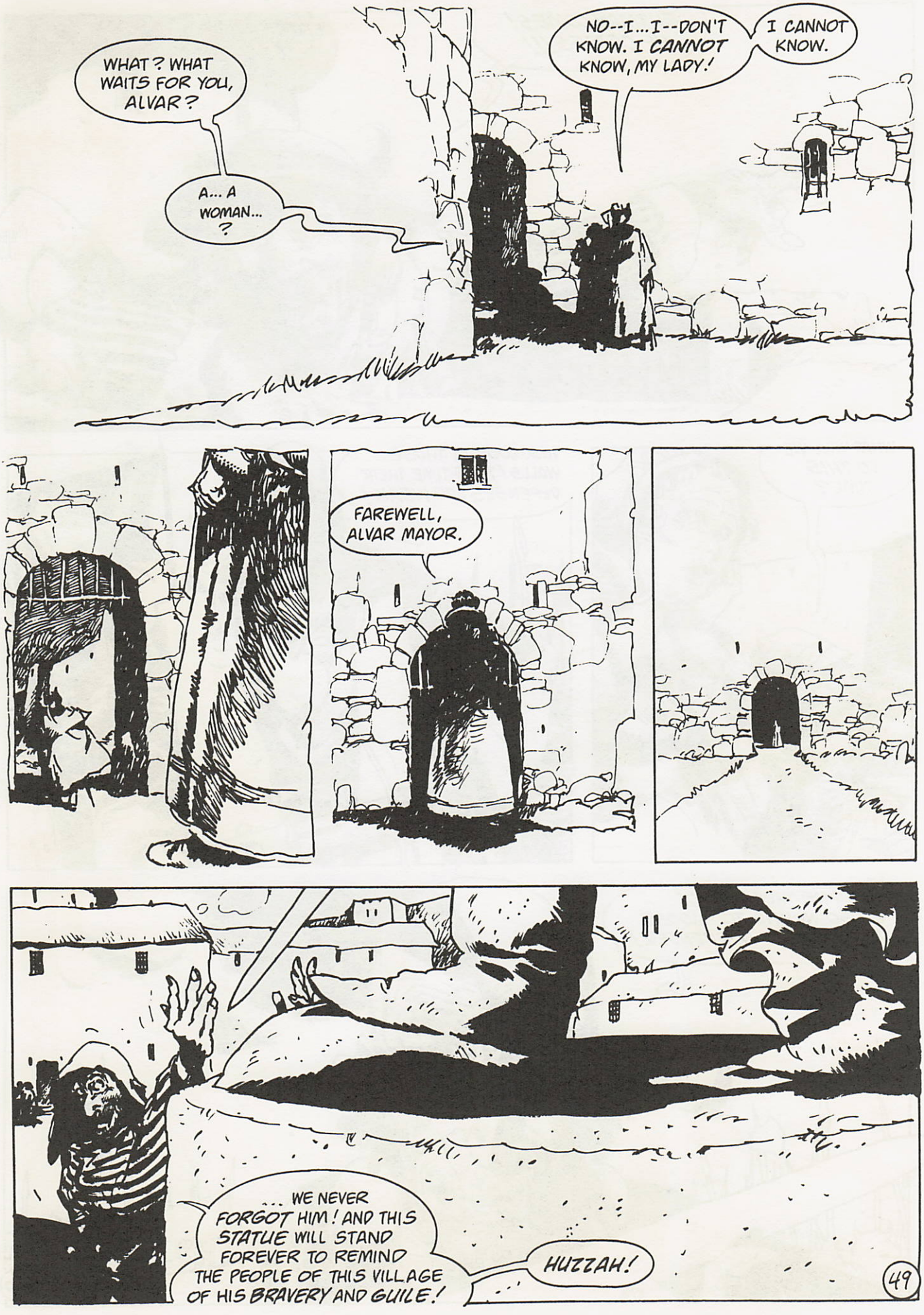
...REMEMBER HOW ALVAR MAYOR ORGANIZED OUR DEFENSES? A GENIUS!!
I'VE NEVER SEEN A BETTER STRATEGIST! AND I'VE KNOWN QUITE A FEW, OF COURSE...
ALVAR FILLED US ALL WITH COURAGE! REMEMBER...?
...YOU MEN! PLACE THE CANNONS AGAINST THE WALL!
FORM YOUR ARCHERS IN TWO ROWS AND FILL THE SKY WITH A STORM OF ARROWS!
THE WOMEN WILL BOIL OIL TO THROW FROM THE WALLS!
...YES! WE WERE SOLDIERS...!
... MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE!

... AND WOMEN!!! AYE!!!
CHIST CHIS
... I'VE NEVER MET A MAN LIKE YOU, CAPTAIN ALVAR. SO TOUGH ON THE OUTSIDE...
... BUT INSIDE, THE WARM HEART OF A POET... A SCHOLAR... A... A...
CHIST - CHIST-CHIS
... THEN, GUZMAN DEL RIO ATTACKED OUR VILLAGE...!
... HE AND HIS BLOODTHIRSTY BRIGANDS...!
... WELL ARMED AND SEASONED FROM YEARS OF WARFARE WITH THE OLD ARMY!
45

LOOK.!! THEY COME!!
NOW! THE OIL!
KRAAMM!
KRAAMM!
THE CANNONS! QUICKLY!

AGGGGGG!!!
AND NOW, PEOPLE OF VILLAZONA-- ATTACK!!!
RETREAT! RETREAT!

ALVAR MAYOR! I KNOW YOU ARE IN THERE!
I GO! BUT I WILL RETURN WITH ALL MY SOLDIERS AND BURN THIS VILLAGE TO THE GROUND!
...BUT AFTER OUR VICTORY, ALVAR MAYOR LEFT US.
YES... LEFT US...
...BUT WHY, ALVAR...?
I CANNOT STAY. SOMETHING AWAITS ME--FAR AWAY FROM HERE, PERHAPS...

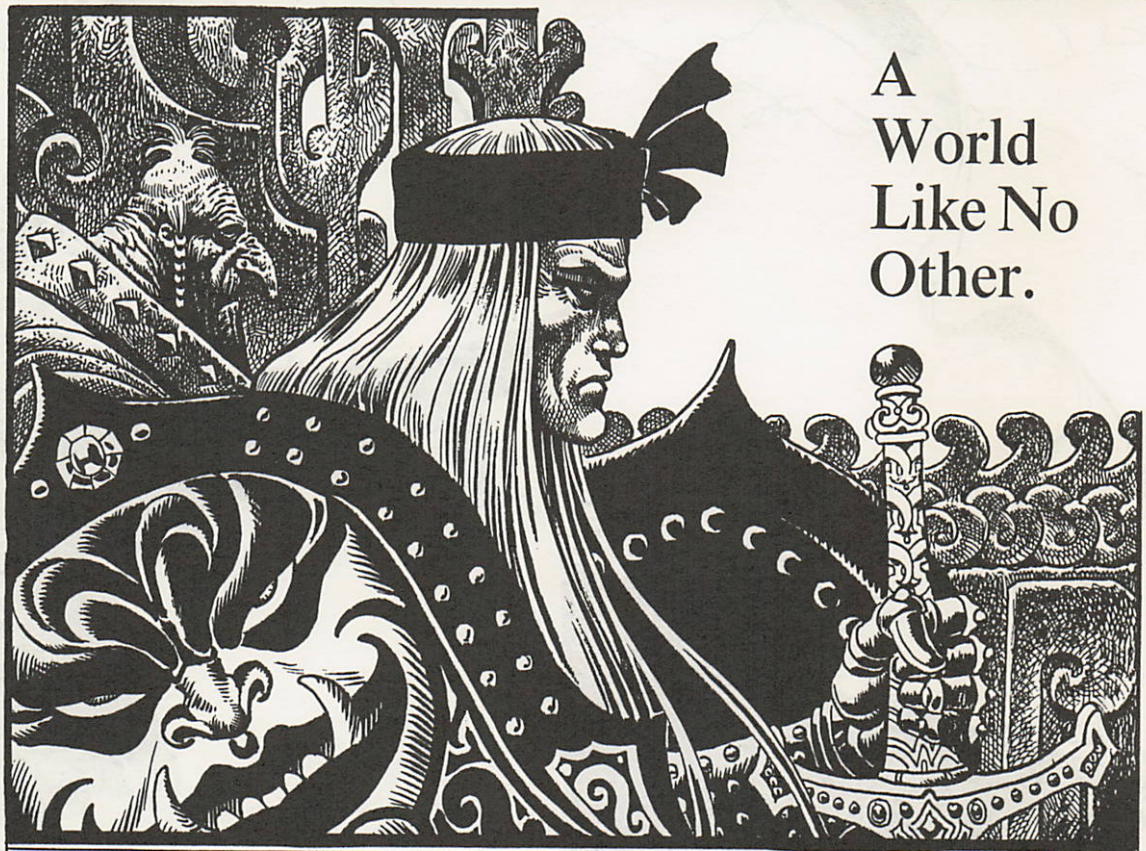

WHAT? WHAT WAITS FOR YOU, ALVAR?
A... A WOMAN...?
NO--I...I--DON'T KNOW. I CANNOT KNOW, MY LADY!
I CANNOT KNOW.
FAREWELL, ALVAR MAYOR.
... WE NEVER FORGOT HIM! AND THIS STATUE WILL STAND FOREVER TO REMIND THE PEOPLE OF THIS VILLAGE OF HIS BRAVERY AND GUILE!
HUZZAH!

GUZMAN COMES! HE COMES!!!
WHAT WILL WE DO THIS TIME?
YES! LOOK AT THOSE WALLS! THIS TIME THEIR DEFENSES ARE WEAK!
THIS TIME THEY WILL NOT BE SO WILLING TO CHOOSE DEATH BEFORE SURRENDER!

THIS TIME THERE IS NO HERO TO LEAD YOU, MY LITTLE LAMBS!
THIS TIME THERE IS NO ALVAR MAYOR!
HE IS STILL HERE, GUZMAN DEL RIO!
GREEC!!!
G-GREEEC!!!

AAAAGGGG!!
OUR GENERAL IS DEAD! THE STATUE KILLED HIM!
IT WAS ALVAR MAYOR! THE GHOST OF ALVAR MAYOR HAUNTS THIS PLACE!!
THE VILLIAGE IS CURSED!
LEAVE! LEAVE THIS BLACK CITY!!!
AND SO, THE BANDIT ARMY OF THE LATE GENERAL GUZMAN DEL RIO FLED THE VILLAGE OF VILLAZONA, RUNNING AS THOUGH ALL THE DEVILS OF HADES WERE NIPPING AT THEIR BOOTHEELS...

WHEN THEY WERE ONCE AGAIN SAFE IN THEIR STRONGHOLD IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS, THE BANDITS KINDLED WARM, BRIGHT FIRES. AND, WITH WILD EYES STARING INTO THE NIGHT, THEY TOLD THEIR FAMILIES OF HOW THE GREAT ALVAR MAYOR HAD SAVED THE VILLAGE OF VILLAZONA...
...NOT ONCE--BUT TWICE...
53
C. TRILLO
15.8.82
E. BRECCIA



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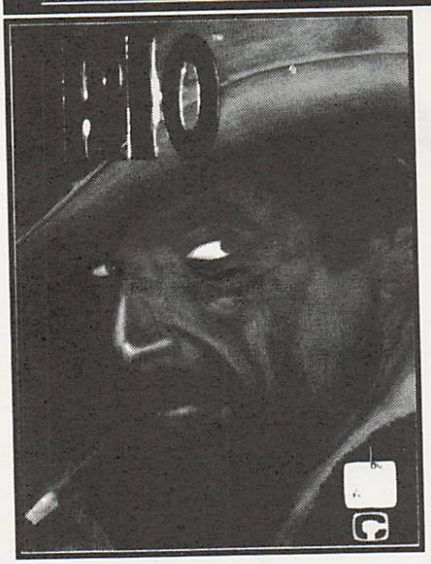

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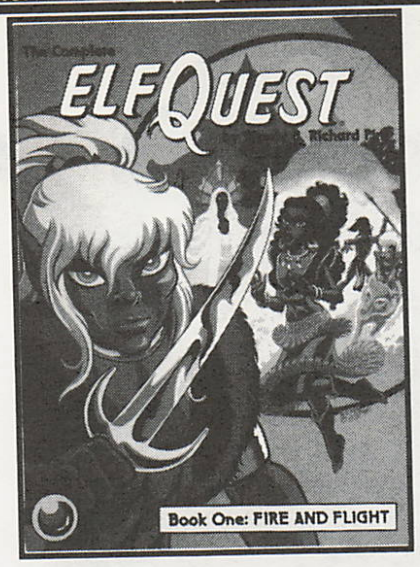

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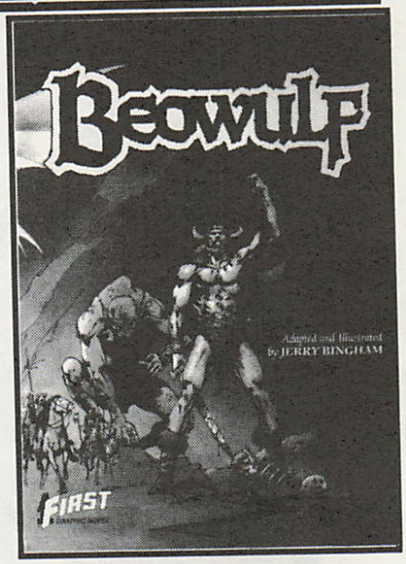

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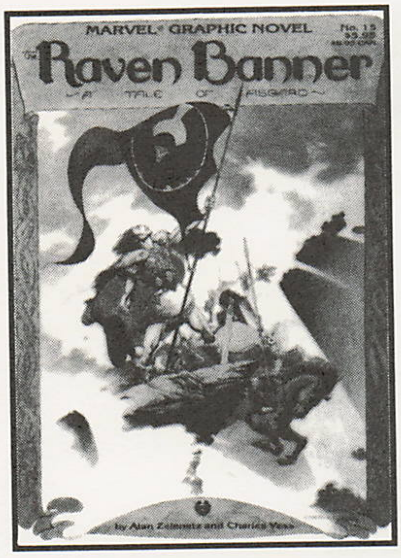

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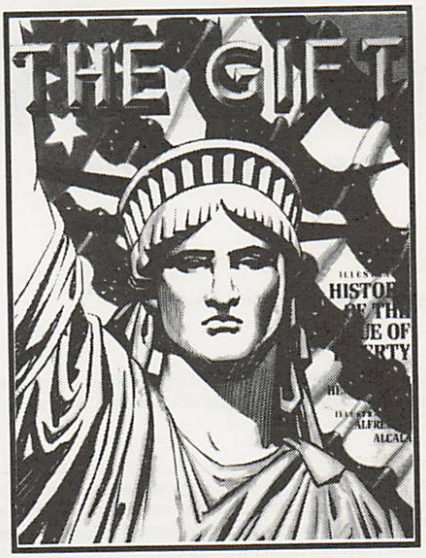

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